

So, when the Soul finds here no true content,,  
And, like NOAH'S dove, can no sure  
footing take; She doth return from  
whence She first was sent,  
And flies to Him, that first her wings did  
make !

Wit seeking Truth, from Cause to Cause  
ascends ; And never rests, till It the  
First attain ! Will seeking Good, finds  
many middle Ends, But never stays,  
till It the Last do gain !

Now, GOD, the Truth ! and First of Causes is!  
GOD is the Last Good End! which  
lasteth still: Being *Alpha* and *Omega*  
named for this, *Alpha*, to Wit! *Omega* to  
the Will!

Since then, her heavenly kind She doth  
bewray,, In that to GOD, She doth  
directly move: And on no mortal  
thing can make her stay; She cannot  
be from hence, but from *above* !

And yet this First True Cause and Last  
Good End, She cannot hear so *well*, and  
*truly* see! For this perfection, She must  
yet attend, Till to her Maker, She  
espoused be !

As a King's daughter, being In person  
sought Of divers Princes, which do  
neighbour near; On none of them can  
fix a constant thought, Though she  
to all do lend a gentle ear.

Yet can she love a foreign Emperor !  
Whom, of great worth and power, she  
hears to be; If she be wooed but by  
Ambassador; Or but his letters, or his  
picture see !

For well she knows, that when she shall be  
brought Into the kingdom, where her  
Spouse doth reign ; Her eyes shall see  
what she conceived in thought, Himself!  
his State ! his glory ! and his tram !